

another child, Sina, after they arrived in Moroni. The Lauritzen were faithful, energetic Latter-day Saints, and died in full faith and fellowship in the Church. Mr. Laurtzen died in Moroni, February 11, 1896, and Maria passed away at the home of her daughter, Maria, at Jerusalem, Sanpete County, on October 15, 1899. Both are buried in the Moroni Cemetery.

D.U.P. Files

ENGLISH PIONEERS

Mary Ann Barrett Burningham was born Sept. 9, 1848, in Deptford, Kent County, England, the daughter of Henry Barrett, Jr., who was born in Yarmouth, Norfolk, England. He was a ship's carpenter. This occupation took him to London, where he met and married Sarah Saulsby. In August, 1850, he was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On February 21, 1855, Sarah gave birth to a baby girl, her eleventh child, and three days later the mother and her baby passed away. Mary Ann was seven years old at this time.

The following October Henry married Mary A. Edwards, a dear friend of the family who cared for the motherless children. Little Harriet was an invalid and the stepmother's heart went out to this unfortunate one to whom she was always kind. However, this did not last long, as once more death came to the home of Henry Barrett. The new mother was taken away in 1859. One year later Henry married again, this time a young widow by the name of Mary M. Winter Stewart, who had four children. This was a large family to care for. Sometimes they were neglected, and one by one the Barrett children were sent to live with relatives or put out to work.

In 1861 Henry Barrett started the emigration of his family to Utah. Thomas was sent first with some Latter-day Saint friends, to live with the William Manning family in Farmington, Utah. In 1864, Mary Ann, age fifteen and John, age twelve, started for Zion. Mary Ann was thrilled about this wonderful adventure, and in May their clothing and some bedding were packed and the children said good-bye to friends and relatives.

Mr. Barrett took them to the great London docks where the ship Hudson lay waiting to sail. Many of the passengers were already aboard when word came that the ship could not embark for another week. Mary Ann was disappointed and begged to remain with friends on board who had promised to care for her, so her father took John home and Mary Ann was left on the ship.

The week passed swiftly in the new surroundings, but the day before the ship was to sail, Sam Barrett, an uncle of Mary Ann's, who was the captain of a large vessel, docked near the Hudson, boarded the ship to visit his niece. He was shocked that Henry should send his two children so far away to an almost unknown country. He begged her to go home with him, but the trip to America, so

alluring and wonderful, held her fast and she could not be persuaded. Finally he asked her to go ashore with him and have her picture taken, and she, trusting him implicitly, consented. His plan was to keep her away from the ship until it had sailed. When Henry arrived with little John, he was alarmed to find that Mary Ann had left the ship with her uncle, and immediately sent officers to find her. The two were soon found sauntering happily along the street. The next morning, June 3, 1864, Mary Ann, taking her last look at "dear old England," sailed for America. It was a long voyage but at last the call of "Land," came. How they all shouted for joy at the welcome sight! Land, houses, trees and buildings — how good it seemed to see them again. Mary Ann and John landed safely and after two or three days in New York City started their journey to Utah. The glamour of travel had worn off by this time and weary, heavy feet carried them slowly across the desolate country.

Many times when rations ran low, Captain Hyde would ride past and whisper to Mary Ann, telling her to bring her brother John and have supper in his tent. "A kinder, better man than Captain Hyde never lived," and Mary Ann always cherished these memories of him. One day they passed a ranch and halted to trade. Mary Ann and John had only twenty-five cents left, and they decided to buy two dozen eggs with it. Mary Ann cooked and ate her share of the eggs at once. John told her that she could have none of his when hers were gone, but he need not have worried, she never again wanted an egg.

Sometimes John would run ahead of Mary Ann and in this way they became separated one night. The last few wagons took the wrong trail and were lost. Night came on and they made camp, not knowing which way to go. Mary Ann was almost frantic when a man rode into camp telling them the way to go to find the main company, saying there had been a bad accident, "a little boy had fallen under the wheels of one of the wagons and was badly crushed." "What is his name?" called Mary Ann, her heart cold with fear. "It is John Barrett," he answered. "Oh! my brother, my brother," she cried, falling to the ground, in a faint. Kind hands lifted her into one of the wagons and they hastened to the place of the accident. There lay John, terribly cut and bruised, but the doctor could find no broken bones, which, he said, was a miracle. Mary Ann rode in the wagon for several days, caring for her brother who recovered.

At last the Salt Lake Valley lay before them; their journey's end, rest and peace were near at hand. Many friends came to meet the company. Brother Manning, Bishop Pollard and Captain Hyde all invited Mary Ann and John to share their homes until Mr. Barrett arrived in Utah, but as they had been sent with instructions to stay with the Mannings, they went there, happy to be with their brother Tom, who was already at the Manning home. Mary Ann's clothing

was badly worn after crossing the plains and she found herself in need of underwear. She made herself two pair of bloomers out of a black and white plaid shawl she had carried across the plains. Mrs. Manning laughed and asked where she got her pattern. "Oh, I cut them by John's pants," she said.

The next year Mary Ann's stepsister, Nancy Stewart, came to Farmington to live with the Bowen family. Upon her arrival she discovered her sweetheart, also from England, no longer loved her. Heartsick and unhappy Nancy threatened to go to California with a man of questionable character. Mr. Bowen was much alarmed and sent for the old sweetheart, Alfred Burningham, who lived in Bountiful, and together they talked with her until late into the night. She finally gave her promise to stay until her mother came from England. Alfred was obliged to seek lodging elsewhere for the night as the Bowen home was already over-crowded. Nancy sent him to the Manning home, where Mary Ann was living. Everyone was in bed when he arrived, but Brother Manning never turned a stranger from his door so Alfred was made comfortable. In the morning Mary Ann met the stranger and they had a long talk about Nancy. It seems that was only an excuse for Alfred to linger near this sweet charming girl, who was ten years younger than he. It was love at first sight and Alfred would not leave until Mary Ann consented to let him come and see her again.

Courting was a difficult problem as Alfred had no prancing steed, and when he went to see Mary Ann he had to walk nine miles there and nine miles back. Many times she walked home with him and spent several days with friends. This was rather hard on Mary Ann's only pair of shoes and she worried about it until she found out that Alfred also was concerned about shoe leather, so they decided to wear their shoes until they reached the outskirts of town, where they were removed.

Several letters reached Henry Barrett in England concerning this courtship, but before her father's answer arrived from England, Alfred's courting had won and they were married September 9, 1865, on Mary Ann's seventeenth birthday. Their first home in Bountiful was of logs, with a dirt floor and sod roof. No matter how humble, it was always neat and clean, as Mary Ann had always been an immaculate housekeeper. When the first baby was born in this little home it was raining and pans had to be set around on the bed and floor to catch the muddy rain water that seeped through the sod roof.

When it was time for the baby to be blessed, it was winter and the snow was deep. Mary Ann asked Alfred to carry the baby to Church, and whether he felt too big and awkward or too bashful, it is hard to say, but he was firm, he would not carry the baby to Church. When the baby had been blessed and Church was over, Mary Ann wrapped the infant in a big warm shawl and hurried out.

While he watched her, she gently laid the baby down in a soft pile of snow and hurried home. Everyone laughed at the trick the little wife had played on the bashful husband. Seeing the joke, Alfred picked up the baby and proudly carried him home.

Mary Ann's work was in her home, although she was a Relief Society worker for many years. Alfred was also an ardent worker in the Church, and oftentimes Mary Ann was left at home to take charge of the family and crops while he willingly went about his duties. Several times sorrow entered this home. Little David, two and one-half years old, was drowned while Mary Ann was visiting her brother in Farmington, and Jimmie was snatched away from them with diphtheria before they knew he was really ill. Their oldest son, Alfred, rode away one day to work in the northern part of the State, but never reached his destination nor was he ever heard from again.

When her children were all grown, married and gone, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren loved to visit the dear mother who lived alone in a neat little cottage, waiting for the days to pass when she would join her husband with whom she had lived for sixty-two years. Mary passed to the Great Beyond in 1940.

Christopher Alston was born September 8, 1853, at Southport, Lancashire, England, the son of James and Ann Molyneux Alston. He was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by John Alexander in 1861. He married Annie C. C. Smith in Salt Lake December 7, 1874. Mrs. Alston was an adopted daughter of Apostle Orson Pratt. She died June 12, 1917. Mr. Alston died in 1930 at the age of 77 years. Mr. Alston wrote the following concerning his life:

My father, James Alston, died May 26, 1863, leaving five children, the eldest ten years and the youngest two years of age. My mother, being a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, desired to gather to the place appointed for members of the Church to assemble and settle, to make homes and build up a community here in Salt Lake City and the country adjacent north and south. Father's mother and brothers, who were also the executors of Father's will, were very strongly opposed to the children being taken to that wicked place where those "awful Mormons" lived. So Mother was under the necessity of making private arrangements to send my brother, eight years, and myself ten years of age, with a friend, paying a part of his emigration costs for caring for us on the journey. We were out on the Atlantic Ocean before my grandmother and uncles knew that we had been quietly sent away to the United States of America during the Civil War, leaving our mother with three small children; the eldest of the three a cripple on crutches; the youngest a child in arms. We emigrated in 1864, sailing on May 21st on the ship General McClellan. Aboard this good ship on this memor-

able trip was Sister Eliza Allen, mother of our neighbor, Mrs. John A. Pressler. She was a fine example of young English girlhood.

During our voyage there was one birth, one death and one marriage. One night, in a dense fog, our ship struck a monstrous iceberg and was nearly wrecked, but was miraculously saved. It was a fearful experience. Everything that was not lashed down tight was thrown from side to side — people, utensils and luggage in one great pile. The rattle of pans, dishes and baggage, and the cries of women and children, the shouts of men, the commands of officers, the banging and bumping of the ship against the iceberg made it seem as if two monsters were trying to beat each other to pieces and the great floating mountain of ice would overwhelm the sturdy ship and sink her in the deep sea with all on board. But it was not to be so, we were in the hands of the "Master of ocean and earth and skies."

We arrived in New York June 23rd, 1864. There we took steamer and traveled up the Hudson River into Canada to avoid the Armies of the Rebellion, broken bridges, upturned railways, etc. incident to a war, which was raging in the States between the North and the South, with blood and rapine in all the land. We arrived in Wyoming, near Omaha, July 3rd, after going by rail and another steamer up the Missouri River. There we were met by the teams of oxen and teamsters from Utah preparatory to making an 1,100 mile trip, which I walked the whole way.

On this trip we experienced some severe trials and hardships. One night after the tents were set up and the camp was asleep, there came up a fearful wind, then rain in torrents, and every tent in camp was torn down except the one we were in with my sick brother. My brother was taken very sick on the way. Our tent had been improvised from two quilts and staked down so firmly the wind could not get under it.

Crossing the prairie there was no fuel other than buffalo chips with which to cook our little meals of bread and meat. Think of cooking your supper, after a long day's walk, over a fire of "chips" with the wind blowing over the great plains, and sometimes rain putting out the fire, and going to bed without any supper, getting up in the morning at daylight to find everything soaking wet and nothing to burn to cook your breakfast with, hooking up the oxen and traveling until noon, trying to find some dry "chips" to make a fire to cook dinner! Such was our life on the plains before we reached the mountain country where we procured sticks to use with the "chips."

Captain Joseph S. Rawlins was in charge of our company. We arrived in Salt Lake City September 20, 1864. I was then eleven years old, having celebrated my birthday twelve days before arriving here. I must relate the welcome I received on the first day and night in the Salt Lake Valley. In the morning, about 11 o'clock, we came out of the mouth of Parley's Canyon, where we were met by a num-

ber of men and teams. The first words of greetings I heard were, "Come here my boy and hold your cap." I came near the wagon from which this voice came. There was a man kneeling in the bottom of the wagon on some straw, and the wagon was nearly filled with peaches. He scooped up his double hands full of peaches and put them into my cap, then scooped up another handful and put them into my cap also, and it was full of lovely peaches, the first I had ever tasted in my life. "There" he said, "now eat those." He kept handing out peaches until his load was given away. I ran to our wagon where my brother lay very sick and gave him some peaches, then divided the remainder with the teamster and my custodian, John Ollerton, who had brought me from England, then I ate the rest. Now imagine, if you can, an eleven-year-old boy who had walked 1,100 miles and had an 1,100 mile appetite, and had never tasted a peach before in his life, having half a dozen nice peaches to eat!

We traveled down the Sugarhouse street for four miles. There we were met by my uncle — my mother's brother — who took us home to his place where they were threshing, and where a thresher's dinner had just been served. We washed and sat to a table — the first time since leaving England — and ate a most glorious dinner not sitting on the ground and eating out of a camp skillet with a butcher knife. In the afternoon we watched the threshers finish threshing the wheat. My grandfather, John Molyneaux, had gleaned a pile of wheat which they threshed without taking any toll. That pile of gleanings turned out to be ten bushels. *That was a custom in those days, never to take toll for threshing the wheat that had been gleaned by men, women or children.* In the evening my cousins, Walter and James Wilson, took me up to a big molasses mill run by a big water wheel, where molasses was being made. The furnace fire under the boiler lighted the yard. Lanterns were placed here and there so the men could work during the night. Girls and boys had numerous small fires, where they were making molasses canes from the skimmings which the men tending the boiler had given them, and all of the "kids" wanted to give the immigrant boy some of their candy. Then my cousin peeled a stalk of sugar cane for me to eat, and he said, "Christopher, you stay right here, we are going across the road, we will be back soon." They crossed the road, climbed a fence and ran down into the field and came back with big ripe watermelons, and they had not planted those melons. I was given a big section of a luscious melon to eat, and I thought "This is Zion;" most truly and I was in ecstasy. My mother and the three small children, before mentioned, came to Utah the following year, having similar experiences, trials and hardships.

I attended school with no books, excepting a primary grammar brought from England; Paul Leichtenburg was my teacher. I went into the canyon with a yoke of oxen to take out logs to sell for fuel

etc., to help make a living for my mother and fatherless brothers and sisters, I being the eldest of the five children. Later, I attended school at night, Professor Lucien W. Peck being instructor. He gave me special permission to come in late when I did not get home from the canyon in time for the opening class work.

March, 1869, went to Promontory to work on Pacific Railroad; was then fifteen years of age, the smallest boy with the largest team on the whole line from Omaha to San Francisco, being twelve oxen or, as we termed it, six yoke.

I have since been engaged as a carpenter, building throughout the city and state mills, bridges, homes, hotels, factories, meeting houses and helping on the Salt Lake Temple. At the present time am working in that same temple doing my utmost for the salvation of my Heavenly Father's children.

—Files of D.U.P.

THE AUERBACH FAMILY

One hundred years ago, in the spring of 1864, three brothers, Frederick H., Samuel H. and Theodore H. Auerbach, moved to Salt Lake City and established "The People's Store." Their mercantile business at Rabbit Creek, a gold mining camp in Sierra County, California had gradually declined, and looking eastward, they felt that Salt Lake City, situated as it was on a direct transcontinental route, would be an ideal spot to locate. Frederick came first and talked with Brigham Young, obtaining from him a location for their first store, on Main Street a few doors below the southwest corner of First South Street.

In those early days the pioneers were primarily interested in the real necessities of life. They demanded merchandise that would stand hard service. Herbert Auerbach, who devoted so much of his time to the collection of pioneer history, books, relics, etc., said: "It must be remembered that in those days there were good reasons for these demands. Streets in the city and valley were poor, often very muddy or very dusty. Sometimes bands of sheep or cattle were driven down Main Street and the dust would be so thick that it was necessary for storekeepers to close their doors. Then, too, the problem of getting merchandise into the valley was a difficult one. Ox teams were used, mostly, and when there was a particular urge for speed mules were used."

The early Auerbach stores carried every type and description of merchandise from drugs to clothing, food, hardware, home furnishings. Trading was common; articles carried by the store were exchanged for produce raised by the farmers of the valley. Today Auerbach's Store is one of the relatively few companies in the nation and particularly in the west which has endured for 100 years under the management of a single family without reorganization. It can truly be said that they have made a valuable contribution to the growth and development of the state.

Eveline Brooks Auerbach was born Nov. 16, 1859, in a placer mining camp near Oroville, California, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius G. Brooks, pioneers of 1854, who crossed the plains by ox team from Nebraska to Salt Lake and the following year moved to California. The family returned to Salt Lake City in 1864 and for several years resided on Main Street just north of the Clift Building and later on Broadway.

On Dec. 16, 1879, Eveline married Samuel H. Auerbach, a member of the firm of F. Auerbach and Brother. An accomplished musician, she was exceptionally well educated, especially in languages, speaking German, Italian and French fluently. Prof. Anthony C. Lund, an intimate friend of the family, paid the following tribute to Mrs. Auerbach:

To one well acquainted with Mrs. Eveline Brooks Auerbach, Oroville, California can make no greater claim to distinction than that of being the birthplace of this estimable woman. Her early life was fraught with all the dangers and privations of pioneer life, which training has produced so many characters that are real. It would be difficult to say in which noble characteristic she excelled. She seemed to possess them all in wonderful balance. Her ambitions and ideals led her even in those early days to make the most of her environment, and her love of books and music resulted in a culture that pervaded her home, and was felt by everyone who was favored to visit her. She possessed the faculty of making all feel at perfect ease in her presence, retained a youthful enthusiasm for the current events in our big world, and discussed these with an insight and philosophy that was convincing and caused us to marvel. Her home was her realm, and though quick to answer any call of need, or any charity whatever, she preferred to leave public affairs to others. No one ever left her door in want, and her neighborhood felt no affliction or destitution which she did not seek to alleviate. The well being of others was her chief concern, and unselfish service a crowning attribute.

She was a beautiful woman, whose superior culture and noble ideals became an inspiration to all who knew her.

MARY ANN WARD WEBB — GRACIOUS LADY

I was born in the farming village of Walpole, St. Peters in Norfolk, England, Oct. 24, 1840. My early life was spent on the farm in this flat country with its fertile acres, its woods and beautiful green country lanes. My mother having previously joined the church, I was baptized Nov. 1851, becoming a member of the West Walton Branch. I early became a devout member due to a miraculous healing I experienced. When 12 years old I was hit in the left eye. Soon after a cancer (growth) formed under the eye causing severe pain